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CAN IKE STOP THE STEAMROLLER?—page 5

New Republic

If a Deadlock Occurs—
HOW LIBERAL IS WARREN?

THE COMMUNIST LINE SHIFTS

TWO ARTICLES FROM EUROPE
by Percy Winner and J. Masson-Forrestier

THE COMMUNITY OF BOIMONDAU ***by Herbert Read***

MARTHA GRAHAM'S JOURNEY ***by Eric Bentley***

JUN 20 1952

Johnson City, Tennessee

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Letters

The Lesser Evil

● It is good to hear that either Rep. John E. Rankin (D, Miss.) or Rep. Thomas G. Abernathy (D, Miss.) will be missing when the next Congress meets in January, 1953, because the Mississippi Legislature has just thrown the two Dixiecrats into the same districts by redistricting the state.

Mississippi's House seats were cut from seven to six because the state lost population in the 1940-45 decade while the country as a whole gained. The loss was attributed to thousands of Negroes leaving the state for the North. And though it has often been said that nothing is ever accomplished by running away from a situation at home, ironically enough, these Negroes who left Mississippi in their exodus to the North, now have even, what might be said, a far better chance of helping to defeat John Rankin at the polls in November away from home, than they probably would have had had they remained in Mississippi.

No one ever would have thought that the state of Mississippi, in losing representation in Congress, would ever have to redistrict in such a manner as to throw Mr. Rankin and his "bread-buttered" pal, Mr. Abernathy, who has an anti-Negro record in Congress almost identical to Rankin's, into the same district to fight it out.

A choice of the lesser of two great evils remains for the people of the Great "Magnolia" state. For, indeed, the election of Mr. Abernathy, and the defeat of John Rankin, itself, would be something to declare a national holiday for.

Alexandria, Va. LEONARD BROWN JR.

A Difference of Opinion

● An opinion panel of a Midwestern university recently canvassed high-school students in various parts of the country as to their attitudes on domestic and international issues. The survey dealt with extremely explosive items such as attitudes to government ownership, loyalty oaths, non-Communist oaths. McCarthyism, strikes, and civil liberties.

Among the questions students were asked to answer in taking this poll were: No. 5—My religion is: Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, some other, none. No. 8—What race are you? White, Negro, some other.

The head of one school, on receiving the questionnaire from the opinion panel, decided not to give it to students believing it to be illegal to ask questions, about religion or race and that incidious and unjustified judgments might be made.

A staff member of the school defended the rejection in these terms:

From my own experience as a teacher and supervisor, I cannot recall any time when students in a public school have ever been asked questions as to their race or religion even anonymously. As a matter of public policy, I think this is sound. Parents would resent it even if they knew their children were questioned anonymously about these matters. The public school should be color blind as to the religious or racial composition of its population.

There is a difference between asking such questions of adults in their own homes. where voluntary answers can be given at the discretion of mature individuals, and asking such questions of students who are entrusted to our care by their parents, and who must attend school by the compulsory education law.

Regarding controversial issues, I fully agree with you as to the need for their discussion. This is a regular practise in our classes. However, no teacher would ever think of linking a partisan stand taken by a student with the pupil's race or religion. These are tactics of totalitarian regimes. In Nazi Germany, Jews were smeared as Communists. In Soviet Russia, Catholics are pilloried as Fascists. In certain other countries, Protestants were denounced as freemasons and radical. . . .

The reply of the opinion panel was:

The fact remains—you are quite right—that we cannot isolate our data completely from any possibility of "invidious judgments." The US Census may show that Negroes in the South are lower in socio-economic status than are whites, and some unthinking people may infer that this is evidence for the "shiftlessness" of "inferiority" of the Negro. You and I think that this is absurd of course; but we do not, because unthinking people make unjustified judgments, accuse the Census Bureau of discrimination in presenting these data. I think that our position is a similar one.

As an afterthought, I would say that if the schools are color blind as to the racial *religious composition of its population*, they are overlooking, and failing to meet many of the educational needs of the pupils.

. . . A final troublesome phase of the panel, according to one of the educators, is this question: No. 8b—Regarding my religious beliefs and practices, I would say that: (a) I feel very strongly about them, (b) I feel somewhat strongly about them, (c) I feel very mildly about them, (d) I feel very indifferent about them.

How will students judge the intensity of their religious convictions? What business is it of the public school to ask members of different religious groups how strongly they feel about their beliefs?

It is evident that both the educator and the social scientist are well intentioned. Which attitude is the sounder one?

Brooklyn, N. Y. SAUL ISRAEL

Steel Mill Seizure

● I suppose all good liberals were, as I was, shocked to discover that the decision against President Truman's seizure of the steel mills was written by Mr. Justice Black and supported by Mr. Justice Douglas! I anticipated an adverse decision, as most people did, but to have Vinson and Reed the dissenting minority was a great shock to me. How are the mighty fallen! . . .

Los Angeles, Calif. FRANK C. REID

Renewal of Life

● [I refer to] the review of Lewis Mumford's "Art and Technics" by Herbert Read. . . . "The Burden of Renewal" (*NR*, May 21). In the framework of both Mr. Mumford's and Mr. Read's thinking, "the renewal of life is admittedly the great theme of our age"; [it] is a "burden" only so long as "the purposeful action . . . to recover our capacity for living . . . remains undefined." Add . . . "such definition on the very practical level

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bandwagon

Patty Cake

Sen. James E. Murray (D, Mont.) says Sen. Brien McMahon (D, Conn.) would make a nice President. – *From the Washington* Daily News.

These Troubled Times

The peace treaty . . . puts the average West German on an equal footing with the foreigners who have occupied his country for seven years. . . .

More than 200 local offices of the Allied High Commission will be closed. . . .

Funds that have been used to provide homes, coal, recreation centers, taxis and water fleas for pet fish for the foreign families now will be used for German rearmament. – *From the Chicago* Daily News.

No Problem

It has increased [Senator] Knowland's stature no end, and made him overnight the ideal running mate for either Taft or Eisenhower. Not only would he be right from a geographical standpoint, but he also would fit the political philosophy of either candidate — no matter whether Eisenhower turns out to be liberal or conservative. – *From the New York* Times.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

THE OBSCURE little men who pick American Presidents and decide peace and war in the world are now at work. Ever hear of Governor Fine (R, Pa.)? Well, maybe, but only vaguely. In its preferential primary, Pennsylvania voted 863,000 for Eisenhower and only 178,000 for Taft, but what does Fine care for majorities? He has a nice bloc of puppet-delegates in his wallet and is looking around for a bidder. Given his own choice, it would be MacArthur first, Taft second, Ike third. Why, ask Fine and like-minded colleagues from other key states, allow a fratricidal contest at Chicago; that would only aid the Democrats. We believe in free enterprise, don't we? Then let us get together like businessmen, pool our puppets, invite bids from rival candidates in terms of patronage and prestige, and in the spirit of good, clean American competition drive the hardest bargain we can before picking the winner and telling the public it has made a sound choice.

As of this writing, it looks like Taft. True, Eisenhower has the forcible argument that maybe he can win while Taft can't, but Ike has the handicap that his prestige has slipped greatly in stepping from the hero's pedestal to the politician's rostrum. This column has forecast such a slip with wearying regularity, and it is a little sad to see our predictions now coming true. Everybody agrees that Ike means well, but it turns out that you can't be all things to all men and take positions at the same time. Ike's Abilene speech was a flop because he tried to alienate nobody. Then last week he tried to win the National Association of Manufacturers one day in Pennsylvania and the CIO the next day in Detroit. A tough assignment for a military man! Give Taft credit: we all knew his position long ago.

Taft's competitive advantage is that he can threaten the nervous king-makers like Governor Fine, Gov. Theodore McKeldin of Maryland, and GOP Committeeman Arthur Summerfield of Michigan with the bloc of contested Southern delegates which he expects to have his "impartial" umpires at the convention throw to him as soon as the show starts. Being a kingmaker is an anxious job with occupational hazards because somebody may get in ahead of you. "Better act fast boys," Taft warns with that frosty smile of his. Ike men scream "fraud" to little avail as the Taft steamroller gets up steam. Meanwhile it becomes more entertaining all the time to think of sanctimonious Republican newspapers denouncing Democrats on the so-called "moral issue" in days ahead, after what is going on now in the Republican pre-convention battle.

We have a curious hobby which so far as we know few other people share—we read Taft's speeches. It is rewarding in a quiet way. Who made this comment the other day, for example—was it Vishinsky in Moscow, or Bevan in England: "What these people [the American Government] have in mind is a planned economy for the world, enforced with American money and even American arms if necessary. It seems to me that that imperialism idea lies behind most of the foreign program that we see today"? You guessed it. It was our own Bob Taft, of course, speaking before the National Republican Club in New York, June 12. We note with a curious kind of sorrow that Taft is laying off that hot stuff about "the Truman war" and his proposed invasion of Communist China, for the time being. John Foster Dulles is going between Taft and Eisenhower trying to promote the idea that there really is not much difference between them on foreign policy anyway. Taft naturally welcomes the thought with delight. His effort recently has been to turn attention

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from his crypto-isolationist voting record. While other candidates write campaign biographies Taft has issued his "A Foreign Policy for Americans" which makes him sound quite internationalist. A respectable college professor in the respectable *Atlantic Monthly* now makes the same claim for him. How nostalgic this all is—do some of our readers remember how Prexy Lowell of Harvard and other highminded figures said Warren Harding favored the League of Nations in 1920? Brings back sentimental memories, doesn't it?

Sen. Joe McCarthy will probably bring million-dollar libel suits soon against all the newspapers carrying a syndicated Milwaukee *Journal* story that his World War II "wound" was not received in heroic action but came in falling down an iron ladder on the seaplane tender *Chandeleur*, June 22, 1943, in an uproarious shellback initiation crossing the Equator. McCarthy once dramatically took off his shoe and told a Wisconsin audience that his leg was full of Japanese bullets received as tail-gunner in aerial combat. Anyone who knows McCarthy will feel instinctively that his version is correct, and that the new canard is the work of Dean Acheson, Senator Benton, and the Communist smear-artists of leftist publications like the *New Republic*. This red-blooded column believes everything McCarthy says, however, so there is no use suing us even though the new story is supported by official Navy Department records. And if Martyr McCarthy gets the stubbed-toe sympathy vote in the fall election as a result of this sinister fabrication, it will serve its perpetrators right.

Notes: The oil lobby which is fighting federal control of offshore oil as a matter of "states rights" is simultaneously fighting the right of a state—Kansas—to levy a severance tax on gas and oil. . . . Rearmament delays are lessening; in mid-summer comes the big shiftover from primary emphasis on actual weapons—after August things will look better. . . .

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 2*)

of education and social organization, is now the supreme need." In other words, the new era of the machine age, of mass production threatens our individuality and our individual integrity; we need a twentieth-century conception scheme adjusted to our technological era.

Paradoxical as it sounds at first thought, the first and only culturally perfect mass production (the printing press) of the machine age is the elementary primer. It is the culmination of 10,000 years of the evolution of *Art and Technics*.

The elementary primer is the prototype of the *second* universal mass production of the machine age, which will enable us to find "purposeful action to recover our capacity for living," and to harness mass production and idealized "Art and Technics"—all within the framework of long-range cultural evolution. This is "the renewal of life."

Jeffersonian democracy, translated into twentieth-century terms, is the *second* universal mass production of the machine age synthesized with "Art and Technics."

St. Louis, Mo. PHILIP WEISS

Stone on Korea

● Congratulations on reviewing I. F. Stone's *The Hidden History of the Korean War* (Monthly Review Press) in your issue of June 2. This volume was "too hot to handle" for any commercial publisher and is receiving the "silent treatment" from most of the press, no doubt because we are at war (despite the grotesquerie of calling the hostilities a "UN police action") and because Stone's book unquestionably gives comfort, or at least ammunition for propaganda to the enemy. . . .

But I submit that if "dissent" is still permissible, Stone's dissent deserves more serious consideration than you have given it. . . . And surely it is misleading to call the book "A Fictive Report." Every fact in it is scrupulously documented in more than 400 notes. Stone's questions are relevant questions. His thesis is strengthened, rather than weakened, by everything that has occurred since the book was written.

His selection and interpretation of the facts is something else. I have also been studying the record in terms of "collective security" and will have much to say regarding it in a forthcoming book. Unlike Stone, I am convinced that the war began with Communist aggression, though not necessarily "ordered" by Peking or Moscow. I am equally convinced that honorable peace has been possible ever since the initial defeat of the aggressors. Stone leans toward a kind of "conspiracy theory" to explain the continuation of senseless slaughter. The matter seems to me simpler and even more disheartening. Our policy-makers and our public have had no experience since 1812 with a war which cannot be won. They are bewitched by the fallacy of "war for peace," by the fatal illusion of "total victory," by the folly of "total diplomacy" (meaning no diplomacy whatever, but exclusive reliance on military might), and by fatuous "legalistic-moralistic abstractions" (to use George F. Kennan's term) according to which it is our duty to punish the wicked and fight Red sin all over the planet, regardless of consequences. Korea has become the microcosm of global chaos to come if such an unworkable conception of foreign policy is to persist through coming years.

Williamston, Mass. FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

The Cardinal and Mr. McGrath

● It's amazing how many times an untruth has to be nailed down before it is finally accepted as such. I refer to Mr. Bentley's letter (*NR*, June 9) in which he again mentions the telephone call Cardinal Spellman was supposed to have made with reference to former Attorney General McGrath. The fact that no such telephone call was made, that the public press reported the denials by the Cardinal's office means nothing.

Cardinal Spellman *did not* call the President or any other government official from Tokyo or from anywhere else with regard to the status of the Attorney General. A release from the Chancery in New York denying the charge was printed in the press at the time.

Washington, D. C. GILBERT L. ODDO

Martha Graham's Journey

● I have just finished reading the new issue of *New Republic* and find that I am again immensely indebted to Eric Bentley for some really exciting, stimulating, and encouraging writing. The article on Graham has me shouting his name all over again, and, needless to say, I'll be on the street corner waiting for the next two issues. (June 16 and June 23). . . .

This is the first piece I have read which defends the *Joan* as I originally felt it should be. It is the first piece I have seen which properly discusses the Franciscan influence (on the *Canticle for Innocent Comedians*) which got, as you say, a little slimey along the road of creation. I hope one of the following reports will handle the *Herodiade*, which, for me, is the very end of Graham's career, the end of all modern dancing.

New York City DALE EDWARD FERN

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New Republic

HOW TO STOP A STEAMROLLER

TAFT AT Chicago was bent on power, even though power meant a bitterly contested nomination, a bitterly fought election, a bitterly divided nation. For support he relied not on the electorate but on the party bosses.

Until the convention [the historian J. H. Bishop wrote], prudent regard for public opinion led [the party bosses] to exercise their power as unostentatiously as possible, but the Republican bosses at Chicago threw off all attempts at concealment or disguise and assumed openly that the convention had been called together for the purpose merely of registering their will. The perfection to which years of expert manipulation had brought the convention machinery made it easy for them to accomplish their purposes and cite party law and precedent for every arrogant and arbitrary act. Whatever they did they were able to make a plausible claim to strict regularity.

Bishop referred to this convention, of 1912, as "the Steamroller Convention." He notes in his book, *Presidential Nominations and Elections*, how William Howard Taft's managers used their control of the Republican National Committee to rob Theodore Roosevelt of his majority among convention delegates.

Fifty-three Republicans served on the National Committee. Fifteen had been defeated in seeking election as delegates. Ten were from rotten boroughs in the South. Four were from territorial possessions which took no part in Presidential elections. These 29 Republicans controlled the convention. They resolved 92 contested elections involving 239 delegates. Without benefit of roll calls, they gave 236 contested seats to Taft and 6 to Roosevelt. "It was done," William Allen White recalled in his *Autobiography*, "with obvious *malice prepense*, a sort of gargantuan independence, profligate and heroically indecent." The Chicago *Tribune* reported how, after one transparent steal, a Roosevelt supporter confronted National Committeeman Mulvane, a Taft leader:

"What do you fellows intend to do," Mulvane was asked. "You know you surely can't elect Taft."

To which Mulvane is said to have responded: "We can't elect Taft but we are going to hold onto this organization and when we get back four years from now we will have it and not those d... insurgents."

The convention opened on June 18. "It had no surprises," remarked White. The Taft group forced through the nomination of Elihu Root as Temporary Chairman by a narrow margin. Root, who reminded White of "a diabolical sphinx," promptly ruled that the 74 Taft delegates whose right to be seated Roosevelt challenged, could vote on the motion to seat themselves. Roosevelt claimed all 72 of these seats; Senator Borah estimated that he should have been granted 52. The historian Arthur Dunn concluded that 51 seats were "stolen." With 50 seats transferred, the convention would have nominated Roosevelt. Instead, as Bishop noted, "the steamroller went smoothly, relentlessly and even proudly forward, crushing all opposition."

In 1952, another Taft steamroller is moving relentlessly forward. Rules have been revised and procedures developed since 1912, but the result has been to further tighten the control of the party bosses and Robert A. Taft.

The National Convention still judges the qualifications of its own members. The National Committee still proposes a temporary roll of convention delegates who will serve as judges. The National Committee makes preliminary decisions on all contested seats to be reviewed by the Credentials Committee. The minority on the National Committee is no longer able to submit its own report as Teddy Roosevelt's forces did in 1912. The recommendations of the Credentials Committee will be voted on in all cases except their own by delegates *whose seats are in dispute.*

This machinery is made for Taft, as it was made for his father. As in 1912 the Republican National Committee is dominated by rotten-borough representatives controlled by Taft. Worse than in 1912, Taft's control of the Committee rests on 20-odd "lame ducks," like Harrison Spangler of Iowa, who have already been defeated for re-election as Committeemen. Through his further manipulation of Southern delegates Taft has a majority in 29 of the 63 state delegations, and thereby will control the Credentials Committee which will choose between 107 contesting delegates, 71 of them from the South. In 1952, as in 1912, its decisions will be backed by the rulings of the Temporary Chairman, in this case Walter Hallanan, a bitter-end Taft partisan. In 1952, as in 1912, if the Temporary Chairman's rulings are protested, Taft delegates from Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi, whose credentials are in dispute, will vote on whether Taft delegates from Georgia will be seated.

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All this will have the pontifical blessing of General MacArthur, speaking as keynoter in flagrant violation of Army Regulation 600-10, paragraph 17.

That is an armor-plated steamroller. Can Eisenhower bring it to a halt? All who have hoped that Taft can be contained within the Republican Party have wished Eisenhower strength. Clearly he has suffered two weaknesses from the start. First, there was no basis in fact for the unification of the Republican Party around Eisenhower since a large segment of the Party differed on the fundamentals of his foreign-aid program. Second the fortress of the Party, the National Committee has been captured by Taft after a long siege, and today serves as the headquarters, not of party activity and organization, but of the Taft campaign.

These were the handicaps another irregular, Wendell Willkie faced. Willkie set out to mobilize popular support and won. Eisenhower has chosen instead to charm and win over Republican Party regulars. These men, hungry for patronage after 20 years in opposition, were alienated by the delays and uncertainties in the Eisenhower campaign. They are swayed neither by endorsements of the Taft-Hartley Law, nor by praise of Betsy Ross. Evidence of mass support for Eisenhower would be more convincing. But that support has not been won by the compromises Eisenhower has made. When issues of principle are surrendered, matters of Convention rules become mechanics but no longer outrage the consciences of the voters. That is happening now. When the National Committee picked MacArthur as keynoter, Eisenhower supporters were inaudible. When Hallanan was named Temporary Chairman they failed to protest in time. They stand now in supplication before a mediocre servant of the Grundy machine in Pennsylvania, Governor Fine. For Vice-President they are booming Sen. William Knowland whose chief claim to prominence is his China policy, which an Eisenhower supporter, Walter Lippmann, described on January 9, 1950, as "sheer lunacy." It is not comforting to know that an advocate of sheer lunacy in 1950 might occupy the White House after 1952 should anything happen to his running-mate.

"Where are the reserves?" inquired Churchill of the French General Staff in 1940. "We forgot about them," the generals in effect replied. In casting away his prepared drafts, and talking as himself again, Eisenhower seems to sense that reservists and not the regulars are the source of victory in 1952. But what is he to say? He has yet to realize that the GOP will follow the nation, and that if the nation wants false assurances of tax reductions and further proofs of short-sightedness and small-mindedness it will turn not to Eisenhower but to Taft.

THE WEEK

WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

The "California axis" of the American Medical Association has suffered an unexpected reverse. The AMA's propaganda machine, working through the public-relations firm of Whittaker and Baxter, was stopped from a pre-publication attack on the findings of the President's Health Commission by a negative vote of the AMA House of Delegates in Chicago last week. The 85-77 vote, turning down a resolution condemning the Commission as a front for Socialism and "a snap diagnosis which can only confuse and mislead the American people," was the first such defeat inflicted on the hitherto all-powerful AMA leadership.

The men most directly hit by the delegates rebuff are Dr. Dwight Murray and Dr. John Cline, both from California. Cline, as this past year's AMA president, had helped whip the organization into voting larger and larger funds for its anti-Truman campaign. Both he and Murray had worked closely with Whittaker and Baxter in the campaign against Warren's health insurance plan in the California legislature.

The turmoil in the AMA hierarchy greatly raises the stock of Dr. Paul Magnuson, the named target of the resolution. He has stood by his assertion that his study will be as deliberative and objective as possible, and that he is personally by no means an advocate of the Ewing compulsory health insurance plan. After the defeat the AMA leaders acted hastily to cover their track. They had the defeated resolution sent to the reference committee which they control. There it was shelved and a new, much milder compromise resolution was put forth stating that the Trustee's action was a "reaffirmation of AMA principles."

FRANCO DOESN'T LIKE

Franco's propaganda machine, which has long been sympathetically inclined toward Senator Taft, has now moved still closer to his support because of a little-noticed remark in General Eisenhower's Abilene press conference coupling the Franco and Tito regimes as ones which could stand reform.

Franco's officials, who are currently playing hard to get in their negotiations with US-aid officials in Madrid, have been hoping that a Republican Administration would shift more aid from the European democracies to Spain. But Eisenhower, it is now clear to Madrid, suffers from the same democratic illusions as Truman. Hence its judgment that "There can be no doubt that Taft's views . . . are seriously and sincerely closer to the reality and danger in Europe."

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ANOTHER SURRENDER

Delegates from countries interested in the resettlement of over-population from Europe got bad news in Washington last week. George L. Warren, chief US delegate to the Committee for the Movement of Migrants from Europe, announced regretfully that he thought it pretty unlikely that the group would be able to resettle the additional 100,000 émigrés from Germany, Italy and Holland which it had expected to move this year.

Warren did not say so, but the big reason for the Committee's failure is Sen. Pat McCarran, who has been undisguisedly hostile to the President's request that Congress allot 300,000 visas to allow the US to assume its fair share of migration. McCarran mistrusts the Committee and what he calls its plans of infiltrating the Western Hemisphere with European subversives.

At first the State Department stood up against McCarran's attempt to run the show. In recent months, however, the Department has thought better of its decision. This became apparent at the Committee's current conference when the Department announced that it had appointed McCarran, despite his announced opposition to the Committee's program, as one of two US alternates. Warren's pessimistic remarks more than bore out the initial impression.

FROM A GLASS HOUSE

A voice from the well-forgotten past was heard last week when the Orange County (N.Y.) Republican Committee officially read Averell Harriman, once an Orange County Republican, out of the Party. The man who introduced the world-shaking resolution was none other than Hamilton Fish, darling of the America-first crowd. Fish couldn't see very much harm in Hitler, but when it comes to neighbor Harriman, that is another thing. Harriman, he announced, was "largely responsible for the enslavement of 40 million Poles and 400 million Chinese." Paying belated due to the prophet in their midst, the County Committeemen passed his resolution, 200 to one.

MR. TRUMAN SPEAKS OF STEEL

Harry S. Truman marched up to Capitol Hill Tuesday noon, June 10, hung the steel strike around Bob Taft's neck and invited Mr. GOP to stagger to the White House with that burden—if he can.

The galleries were strangely empty when the President arrived to deliver his emergency message on the steel strike. The tourists had been caught short by the collapse of the steel negotiations the evening before and were perhaps busy inspecting the Washington Monument. Members of both houses were present and seemed in carefree mood. As is their custom, the House Republicans gave Taft a standing ovation when he arrived.

Taft was the last Senator to arrive. The man who is determined to keep him out of the White House appeared a few minutes later. Harry Truman strode quickly down to the well of the House; he was brisk and dapper as always. He set to business quickly. Looking straight ahead, his hands as usual chopping the air in guileless fashion, Mr. Truman said: "I want to make it very plain to the Congress that the result of using a Taft-Hartley type injunction in this dispute would be to take sides with the companies and against the workers." Taft, the leader of the coalition that runs Congress, was thereby faced with the alternative of repudiating his own law or standing forth as the unashamed champion of the steel companies against the strikers.

Congress heard Mr. Truman in silence. He had passed the buck to them, and they did not like it. They applauded him upon his entrance and at his leave-taking; in the 20 minutes in between there were only restless coughs. The President read far more effectively than he usually does with a prepared script.

It was a tense climax to the long steel controversy begun last December. At that time, Mr. Truman chose to use the Wage Stabilization Board rather than the fact-finding machinery of the Taft-Hartley Act. The steel workers delayed their strike 99 days, more than the 80 required by Taft-Hartley. When the WSB made its fact-finding recommendations in early April, the steel companies rejected them and thus passed the responsibility to President Truman. He seized the mills. The steel companies turned to the courts. The Supreme Court upheld them and thrust the responsibility to Truman once more. But when collective bargaining broke down a second time, yesterday, the President was not alone with the burden.

On Tuesday, he passed it to Congress. The House and Senate Republicans and Dixiecrats who make up a majority had heckled him from the sidelines for two months and cheered the courts and the steel companies. Now it is their turn to take action. They cannot escape, for even to do nothing is to align themselves behind a Taft-Hartley injunction and against the steel workers.

There was an ironic undertone to Truman's voice as he quoted to the gentlemen in his audience the words of the Supreme Court Justices who concurred in last week's decision which these same gentlemen had cheered so lustily last week. Mr. Justice Jackson, for example, had referred to "the ease, expedition, and safety with which Congress can grant" emergency power. "The issue," the President concluded, "is squarely up to Congress. I hope the Congress will meet it by enacting fair and effective legislation." Many of the House Republicans smiled the easy, cynical smiles of thoughtless scoffers. Sen. Bridges, GOP minority leader, slumped in a front-row seat, smirked derisively. But the wise men among the Republicans did not smile. Least of all did Bob Taft, who glared red-faced throughout. After the President left, he walked slowly up the center aisle with Joe McCarthy.

WILLIAM SHANNON

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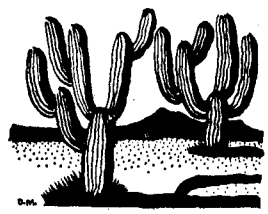
POLICING THE INDIANS

There is a bill now pending in Congress that even Sen. Pat McCarran believes would undermine civil liberties. But except for the New York *Times* hardly a newspaper has reported hearings on this measure (S 2543; HR 6035) which would make it possible for any of the 13,000 employees of the Bureau of Indian Affairs to carry arms and make arrests without warrant for any violation of a Bureau regulation. Senator McCarran, although he introduced the pending bill at the request of the Indian Bureau, has criticized it as going beyond any precedent. The Association on American Indian Affairs, pointing out that the Indian Bureau has at least 2,200 regulations that apply to Indians just because they are Indians, commented that "no one would dream of saying that women or veterans should be subject to arrest without warrant or searches or seizures by the Veterans Bureau or the Women's Bureau for violating the regulations of these Bureaus."



The representatives of scores of Indian tribes have expressed dismay at the Indian Bureau proposal. Tough Apache fighters from Arizona protested that the bill "would vest in the Bureau of Indian Affairs an unlimited police power making Bureau employees virtual dictators over the lives of Indians." Their more peaceful Laguna Pueblo neighbors also protested bitterly against the Bureau decision.

Commissioner of Indian Affairs Dillon S. Myer insists that the primary purpose of the bill is "to provide these officers with . . . powers held by policemen in an ordinary American community." To which the Indians reply that they know of no community where policemen have the right to arrest without warrant anybody who violates an administrative regulation promulgated by an official in Washington.

Apparently the Indian Bureau is not waiting for Congress to pass the proposed new legislation, but is sending armed employees on a number of unusual missions while the bill is being considered in committee. Blackfeet Indians in Montana were particularly upset when the Indian Bureau ordered a police officer to see that the Indians stopped playing their "stick game" (a kind of aboriginal canasta) at six o'clock on Sundays so that they could get to bed early. Two days later, armed Bureau employees closed down a polling place on the Blackfeet Reservation where the tribe had announced a referendum vote on a tribal budget ordinance under the charter of self-government that still carried the unfaded signature of, former Secretary of Interior, Harold Ickes.

When Myer proposed in 1950 to put teeth into an old Congressional enactment of 1872 authorizing the Indian Bureau to control attorneys employed by non-citizen Indians, he was accused of wanting to set the clock back to the era of military force in Indian affairs. Secretary Oscar Chapman's decisive repudiation of those proposed regulations earlier this year led many to think that this danger had been averted. But apparently Senators McFarland and Watkins of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, and Rep. Toby Morris of the Subcommittee on Indian Affairs have undertaken to defend the Myer policies against all critics, including Chapman and Truman.

DEPRESSING PAUSE

A little-noticed "pause that depresses" occurred last week in the course of the Congressional investigation of necklines and violence in radio and television. Rep. Ezekiel Gathings (D, Ark.), the initiator of the probe, was demonstrating the variety of TV "hoochie-coochie" entertainment which he thought noxious to public taste. After the photographers had caught his sample pose of the dance, a Northern member of the committee posed a question.

Didn't the gentleman from Arkansas think that sometimes the "wiggling women" were in hardly worse taste than some TV commercials. "Oh, no," replied Gathings, neatly skirting the point. "The sponsor is necessary to bring the entertainment to my home. I am grateful."

THE MIRACLE DECISION

The Supreme Court's unanimous vote to set aside New York State's ban on *The Miracle*—an Italian-made film which concerns a peasant woman who imagines her child is immaculately conceived—is notable on at least two counts: it extends the First Amendment to motion pictures and it rejects "sacrilege" as too vague a criterion on which to ban exhibition of a film. This is certainly a real blow against organized minorities who wish to use state power to limit expression. For although "sacrilege" was the only standard specifically rejected, perhaps, as the American Civil Liberties Union hopes, racial and political as well as religious groups will now think twice before moving to choke the channels of expression.

Welcome as it is, however, the *Miracle* decision is more a "go-ahead" sign to the movie industry and its supporters than any guarantee of free expression in itself. The real safeguard must come from an intensified willingness of the movie industry to fight organized groups at the box-office and their spokesmen, the censors, in the courts. Fear of boycotts and censorship, especially in time of stringent finances, has heretofore led top producers and exhibitors to subject themselves voluntarily to a production code blessed by their harshest critics. This was and still is the safest, least expensive course of action in an industry with such high capital costs. Generally the real suffocation comes *before the* censors ever see the films. Only recently have some of the more crippling taboos been relaxed in features.

Perhaps a sense of high purpose coupled with a practical desire to earn revenues from neglected specialized audiences now that television strikes at the lowest common denominator will bring movie executives to guard their freedom of expression as jealously as have some newspaper publishers. The *Miracle* decision should encourage them. But in these days of Hollywood witch hunts, loyalty oaths and textbook censorship it would take a courageous industry indeed to assume the responsibilities which protection under the First Amendment entails.

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COMRADES UNDER ARMS

THE KREMLIN is putting its key men in all the Western European countries into the equivalent of battle dress. The orders have gone out, and there is no special secrecy about them. In so far as the Ridgway phase in Western Europe is to decide the *when* rather than the *whether* of rearmament of Bonn Germany as the real military force of the Atlantic Community, it is to be a period of open struggle.

There are two primary Communist goals: to compromise permanently the benefits of the Eisenhower phase in Western Europe while the attention of American public opinion is diverted too fully inwardly toward the Presidential election campaign to be able to react effectively; and to present to the next American President on his accession to office the makings of a politically crystallized *fait accompli* in Western Europe. There are also several limited goals: to damage the chances for co-operation between the Western European nations by exploiting disunity within each of them; to establish strong positions for the West German and Italian general elections next year; and to reduce thereby the next US President's power of diplomatic maneuver to the vanishing point.

The nature and degree of the differences in tactics are striking. The orders can be summed up in rough over-simplifications: France is assigned industrial sabotage and para-military resistance; East Germany is to smother the Dove of Peace and start rapid militarization, especially of youth; West Germany is to foster Left-nationalism and to use it as a rallying force for a broad political mobilization of the belligerent elements of the Left in all Western countries; in England the Bevanist currents are to be exploited at home and abroad in order to bring even the milder Fabian elements of Socialism into the common international pool; and in Italy, the effort to build a national political common front against renascent Fascism is to be used as the springboard for propaganda on behalf of an all-Europe alliance of partisans of all parties.

Though the Italian Communist Party is the numerically largest and best led in Western Europe, the orders transmitted through Palmiro Togliatti, Pietro Nenni and Giuseppe di Vittorio are full of fervent appeals to all men of good will to join in saving democracy by the most legal of means. Part of the explanation is that, while Luigi Longo commands a presumably well-trained and equipped private army, the membership of the Italian Communist Party as a whole has the same weaknesses, as a dependable mass fighting force, as the Italian Fascist Party.

On the other hand, Rome is now the best center of operations for a tactical maneuver by which the Communists hope to divide democratic forces at home and abroad behind the screen of a hypocritical effort to unify them. Alcide de Gasperi must have outside allies if he is to win next year's election. Pietro Nenni, leader of the fellow-traveling Socialists, has suggested he may be a better democratic comrade for de Gasperi than Achille Lauro, leader of the Monarchists.

While de Gasperi tries to tempt the young Fascists into his fold, he also appeals for national union against the New Fascism. And this is plainly to be the basis for a new wave of world propaganda intended to merge the Communist peace and trade offensives with an effort to create a common front of war-time partisans and peace-time democrats against the New Fascism.

The French Communist Party, with a smaller membership and poorer leadership than the Italian, has, however, a really tough and reliable minority of activists in its rank and file. At present, as the *Franc-Tireur* of Paris points out:

> The overwhelming majority of French workers who vote Communist have about the same way of thinking as the workers who follow the Labourism of Bevan in England, or as the supporters of the Belgian Socialist Party, or even the workers in West Germany who forced co-management on business and who vote for the party of Schumacher.

It is to such men that Harry Pollitt's British Communist Party addressed its recent manifesto, plainly implying a call for support of Bevan, and for "an official declaration that any future Labour Government will repudiate these [EDC] agreements." The tactic in West Germany is support of Schumacher's Left-nationalism—for foreign consumption too, in so far as Schumacher and Bevan together are touted as the symbols of a Left, hence true patriotism, against the treason of men like Konrad Adenauer.

But, in France, it is to the minority, whose ability to combine a Marxist facsimile of *la raison* with irrational fanaticism is highly prized by the Politburo, that the Kremlin is now giving marching orders.

There is excellent reason to believe that Jacques Duclos not only expected but planned to go to jail, indeed that he and his colleagues deliberately provoked the Pinay Government to a policy of repression. Duclos is not a militant. He is a theoretician. It was he who, in the April, 1945, issue of the official Communist monthly *Cahiers du Communisme*, put the finger of the Kremlin's disapproval on Earl Browder. But it was the militant François Billoux, fresh from a visit to Maurice Thorez in Moscow, who used the most recent issue of the same magazine to say that, for the French bully boys, the period of theoretization is now finished. He wrote:

> It is now necessary to orientate ourselves resolutely toward action and the effective organization of this action against war and the preparation for war . . . against American bases and depots, the arrival of war material, war production, transport.

And while his Italian comrades, and also his German comrades, preached national union of one kind or another, he added: "Nor should we forget to help the national claims of the Alsatians and Lorrainers." While Togliatti woos Benito Mussolini's old friends, Billoux bids for Adolf Hitler's. Frenchmen who are able to find logic and reason in this must, of course, think with their clubs.

Paris PERCY WINNER

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LET'S LIMIT ALL TERMS OF OFFICE!

by Richard L. Neuberger

I SIT in a state legislature where men serving their tenth and twelfth terms voted gleefully for the amendment to the federal Constitution restricting a President of the United States to two full terms. I was opposed to this amendment at the time. Now I have reversed myself. I believe a strong case can be made for limiting the tenure in office not only of the President but of all other US elective officials, right down to legislative assemblies and city councils.

The argument against this is obvious—that the people are sovereign and they should be able to elect a person for as long as they wish. But are the people truly sovereign, for example, when they confront 182 names on the ballot, as at the recent Oregon primary election? Is this sovereignty or is it a vast grab-bag in which the incumbent, because of name familiarity, can continue in office indefinitely? The most conscientious voter can not know the qualifications of 182 candidates.

In the book *Mr. President,* Harry Truman has written:

> The Congress passed a resolution for a Constitutional amendment limiting the terms of the President to two. That resolution should have also contained a provision for two terms for Senators—12 years, and for members of the House 12 years. . . . The 12-year limitation for members of the House and Senate would prevent the fossilization of the key committees.

Under the President's proposal the Senate today would have long since been rid of Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, Pat McCarran of Nevada, Harry Byrd of Virginia and even of Bob Taft of Ohio. Yet basic principles cannot be decided on the grounds of what happens to specific individuals. The fundamental issue is the fact that the advantages of incumbency have become so colossal in American politics that it is practically impossible for a newcomer to get into office, unless the incumbent dies or retires voluntarily.

Even some incumbents are beginning to feel twangs of conscience about this. The Mansfield Committee of the House of Representatives, investigating expenditures in federal elections, suggested recently that use of the postal frank be extended to all candidates for Congressional office, not merely those already in office. The frank, originally intended only for the free posting of a Congressman's personal letters, now is used to disseminate through the US mails tons of political propaganda. Ex-Sen. Clarence C. Dill of the state of Washington (who retired of his own volition) once told me that he would rather have unlimited use of the postal frank than a $50,000 campaign fund.

A limitation on terms in office might increase political courage, always a scarce commodity. It would tend to fence off an office-holder from pressure and threats. I sat by members of the Oregon Senate who supported a teacher's-oath bill merely to extend their tenure.

In our state the treasurer is limited to two terms by the Oregon constitution. This stems from frontier days when the power of the public purse was enormous and there were no auditors. The secretary of state, on the other hand, can serve indefinitely—and generally does. I recently asked a diversified group of editors which position through the years had been filled the more capably. They replied without hesitation that it was the treasurership.

The state treasurer, realizing that his stay in office was necessarily limited, tried to perform efficiently. He was willing to defy threats against his political life. The secretary of state, by contrast, has been solely preoccupied with the next election. As a result, virtually every piece of paper dealing with automobile licenses in Oregon carries the name of the incumbent secretary of state in far larger lettering than the matter which deals with the purpose of the paper. And not since the arrival of the first internal-combustion engine in Oregon has a secretary of state failed of re-election.

By limiting terms in office, shall we be losing valuable experience? Perhaps, but I doubt if this would be disastrous. Since 1940 no governor of Washington state has stayed in the capitol at Olympia longer than one term of four years. Experience thus has been sacrificed to change. Yet Washington generally has been well-governed and in the public interest—equally as competently as the state of California, for example, where the same Governor has been in office since 1942.

We have a clause in our basic charter today which proclaims that Dwight Eisenhower or Estes Kefauver or Adlai Stevenson cannot serve longer than two full terms as President of the United States. In view of this restriction, is it reasonable that, *Deo volente*, Pat McCarran should serve perpetually as Senator from Nevada or that Tom Dewey should be able to run indefinitely for the Governorship of our largest state? These are positions of tremendous power, too.

Richard L. Neuberger is a member of the Oregon state Senate.

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WARREN: THE MYTH AND HIS RECORD

by Langdon Post

WHAT MANNER of man is Gov. Earl Warren of California, the Presidential candidate who now seems most likely to be put forward if Eisenhower and Taft should become hopelessly deadlocked?

That he is an effective politician goes without saying. In 30 years he has never been out of office, or lost an election except when he ran for Vice-President with Dewey in 1948. He also has a reputation as a liberal and an independent. Is it deserved? In Al Smith's phrase, let's look at the record.

Warren was born in the San Joaquin Valley, was graduated from the University of California and its law school, and almost immediately afterward entered the office of the District Attorney of Alameda County, across the Bay from San Francisco. Backed by Joe Knowland, owner of the Oakland *Tribune,* he was elected successively as Alameda County District Attorney, State Attorney General, and in 1942, as Governor, carrying every county in the state but one. In 1946, he ran again, and by cross-filing he got the nomination of both parties. In 1950, he was elected for a third time, defeating James Roosevelt by more than a million votes in a state where Democrats outnumber Republicans three to two.

You would assume that a man capable of such a series of sensational successes must be personally popular, and probably liberal and independent. Yet his possession of these qualities is doubtful, to put it mildly.

Earl Warren

As to his independence, he owes a great debt to Knowland, Northern California's most powerful political figure, to Norman Chandler of the Los Angeles *Times* and to the Hearst interests. He appointed Knowland's son William to the US Senate. Contributions to his campaigns have come from many of the most powerful reactionary forces in the state.

Between national elections, Warren talks a lot about loyalty to the people, regardless of party. In Presidential years, he goes back into the Republican fold. This so-called "non-partisanship," growing out of a vicious cross-filing system though popular in California, has actually, by blurring the lines of party responsibility, helped to make that state one of the most lobbyist-ridden in the country.

As for Warren's liberalism, neither as District Attorney nor as Attorney General did he show any. He used his position to block the appointment of Max Radin, one of California's most brilliant jurists, to the Supreme Court, and gave no reason for so doing. It was well-known, however, that Radin's outspoken advocacy of the New Deal was anathema to Joe Knowland and the Republican hierarchy, who were already engaged in a red-baiting campaign, and Mr. Warren undoubtedly obliged.

During the same period, as a member of the State Water Power Authority, he cast the deciding vote against state assistance to the federal development of California's water resources, stating at the time that he was opposed to such federal activities on the grounds that they encroached upon the rights of private enterprise. As Governor, after the Central Valley Authority project was well under way, and had become extremely popular, he switched his position and gave some lip service to its efforts.

On another occasion, Warren issued a ruling that 13,000 American citizens, migratory workers on California farms, were not entitled to vote, on the grounds that they were transients and not real citizens in the true sense of the word even though they complied with the registration provisions of the election code. This ruling, fortunately, was reversed by the State Supreme Court, which reversal only added to the belief that Mr. Warren was a captive of the big interests, the Associated Farmers of California being among the largest of them.

It might be argued that only after he became Governor did he really start seeking liberal support, and that up to that time he was cast in his true role, that of

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a reactionary Republican under the domination of the reactionary forces of the state.

When he became Governor, however, Warren began to talk like a liberal and he has been doing so ever since with such success that half the liberals in the state think he is on their side, and some of the Republicans are worried that perhaps he is. Their worry is needless.

On the matter of water power, while he was talking like a liberal in California, his state engineer, back in Washington, was testifying against the Central Valley Authority. His appointee to the Senate, William Knowland, was equally reactionary.

On public-utility rates, Warren has also been illiberal. Since the end of the war, many millions of dollars have been added to consumers' bills, without a whisper of objection from the Governor. Although every realist in politics knows the powerful pressures that are constantly put on public-utility commissions, there is no evidence that Warren has done what any really liberal governor should do, and vigilantly watched to see what was happening. It is characteristic—and disturbing—that when, shortly before election day in 1950, an increase in telephone rates was announced, it was hastily pigeon-holed by the Commission and brought up for approval about a year later.

While he has some friends among labor leaders, as is inevitable after 12 years in office, they have become fewer as his attitude has become clearer. He endorsed the Taft-Hartley Law. He refused either to sign or veto the state anti-hot-cargo bill, which denied labor the right to refuse to move products declared to have been produced under anti-labor conditions, and thereby permitted it to become law. He signed a bill protecting company unions; he helped repeal the pension amendment, passed by referendum in 1946 which, although defective in some administrative provisions, was nevertheless a vast improvement on the old statute; and he decontrolled rents in 1950 when the housing shortage was still acute. Although he professed to favor the State Crime Commission, he then suddenly reversed himself and let it die, just as he was entering upon a campaign for re-election. (Oddly enough, two of the five members of that Commission were directors of the Santa Anita race track.) After getting national liberal approval by fighting the loyalty oath for the University of California, he proceeded to obtain passage of a loyalty oath for *all* state employees.

Though he denounces race discrimination, he never really tried to get a Fair Employment Practices Act through the state legislature, and he declined to endorse such a measure as a referendum. He testified before a Congressional Committee that the American-born Japanese were more dangerous than the alien generation, and it was only public pressure that made him retreat from his stand against permitting the return to California of members of this race who had been so brutally evacuated at the beginning of the war.

Not much can be said in defense of Mr. Warren as a liberal in action. Practically all the liberal or progressive legislation that has marked the history of California in the past few years, such as old-age pensions, expansion of workmen's compensation benefits, unemployment insurance, school bonds and the hospital and prison programs, has been thrust upon him, and none of it has emanated from any militant leadership on his part. Most of his voluntary excursions into the field of progressive legislation have begun and ended with paragraphs in his annual messages to the Legislature. He has been caught with his conscience showing on one or two occasions, such as the popular referendum on a state Fair Employment Practices Act, which he had recommended to the Legislature with the full knowledge that it would never get out of Committee, and which he refused to endorse when faced with it on the ballot. He took the same position on a public-housing referendum in 1948; and the anti-hot-cargo bill, already mentioned, which got to his desk only because his boys in the Senate were asleep, caught him quite unawares.

Warren has never fought militantly for a single piece of the progressive legislation that he has advocated. The best example of this is the compulsory-health-insurance bill which he sponsored, which has been bedevilling him ever since. When he first advocated this measure, there is no doubt that it was a popular issue; he would never have espoused it otherwise. When he discovered the hornet's nest that he had uncovered, he began to run for cover and had it conveniently killed in Committee. If he had taken the leadership in that fight and carried such leadership on a militant basis, there is no question but that he could have won. But the doctors and his other "advisers" persuaded him to abandon it, and as a result he is in the ridiculous position of being a reluctant champion of one of the most controversial issues in the country, with no real desire to carry the torch. If Warren has one outstanding characteristic, it is an allergy to controversy, and a strong distaste for crusading.

He is probably proudest of the fact that he has carried the state on a pay-as-you-go basis, a policy that has delighted the Chamber of Commerce and resulted in stagnation to a state building program supposed to meet the needs of an area that has grown faster than any com-

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parable one in the history of the country. It took five years, after the war, before he was willing to recommend a school-bond issue, in spite of the fact that the state's population had grown almost 40 percent in the years during the war. Roads, prisons, hospitals and all other necessary facilities of government are the victims of this reactionary policy; and as a result California is today operating under the largest budget of any state in the union and is probably farthest behind in the race to meet its needs.

All this being true, why is it that Warren can carry the state with such enormous majorities? The answer is reasonably simple; you can find its parallel throughout the history of our country.

In the first place, political parties are increasingly impotent, and leadership therefore depends more and more upon an outstanding individual in whom the people have great faith, or upon barrels of money used to manufacture such faith. There has been no such money for anyone else and no other such individual in California since Warren took office in 1943.

In the second place, at least 90 percent of the California newspapers are Republican and aggressively pro-Warren.

Third, California, since Warren became Governor, has grown in population and wealth far beyond the dreams of all the local Chambers of Commerce rolled into one. Money has poured into the State Treasury year after year, economic pressures have been practically non-existent—the Korean War having nipped an incipient one in the bud—and the people have been enjoying a prosperity and a sense of security reminiscent of the halcyon period that elected two of America's most mediocre Presidents. Things have been wonderful in California and there has been no reason for a change. Why rock the boat? "This guy Warren is all right. He's honest, he's a fine family man, he'd like to do a few more things for us but that lousy legislature and those crooked lobbyists won't let him." So goes the popular feeling, and Warren, like Coolidge, or perhaps even more like Hoover, rides in on the wave. He could be Governor of California just as long as prosperity, his health and party impotency continue.

If, then, Warren is nominated, what kind of a candidate will he make? In many ways, the most ideal one the Republican Party can dig up to beat a scandal-ridden Democratic Administration, especially if the charge is true that it has grown soft and arrogant after 20 years in power.

Warren is of mediocre intelligence, non-controversial and fantastically successful at the polls. He is philosophically adjustable to any given situation, speaks progressively, acts conservatively and takes advice and guidance willingly. Given competent men to write his speeches and shrewd men to do his thinking, he will constitute the Democrats' most formidable opponent. He will, if permitted, conduct a gentlemanly campaign which will confound his enemies, create little animosity and less enthusiasm.

If elected President, he will appoint as his aides the most respectable men in his party, a majority of them competent, and will permit them to run the show for him. He will try to continue the present foreign policy much as it is; if it works, and if prosperity continues throughout the nation, he will be almost unbeatable in 1956.

He is just what the doctor ordered for the Republican Party and if they should pass him up, they are missing a real bet.

THE UNREASONABLES: 1952–1962

by Edmond N. Cahn

THE MOVEMENT entitled officially the American League of Conscience and popularly known as "the Unreasonables" has now completed its tenth year of existence. Founded in the fall of 1952, it has grown from an initial group of 20 to a membership currently estimated at nearly two million.

As you know, the circumstances of its origin are somewhat obscure. Most reference works place the beginning of the movement at Philadelphia in November, 1952, when shortly after the Presidential election of that year, a committee of educators, social workers and clergymen gathered in Independence Hall and framed the so-called Pledge of American Conscience, which has since become famous and has been subscribed to by millions.

Let me recall the situation that confronted the founders in 1952. For quite a number of years, individual Americans who detested racial segregation had grown accustomed to depending on legislation and other forms of government action as the only means of resisting it. And by 1952 the legislative progress which had appeared so promising in the middle forties seemed to have come to a definite and protracted halt. The last

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important victory in the arena of government, you will recall, was not legislative at all; it was the line of Supreme Court decisions that tended to find unconstitutional inequality in a variety of segregated arrangements afforded by the states. But perhaps because too much reliance was placed on action by the government, even the Supreme Court began to falter in 1952. It declined to hold flatly that racial segregation in schools and other public places was unconstitutional *per se*. The newspapers and periodicals of that year must have made very depressing reading for opponents of segregation. If you consult them now, you can see how much the climate of opinion has changed.

A brief item—in The New York *Times* in the summer of 1952—may be very important. As the *Times* reported it, a carpenter named John Jones residing in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, had won a television quiz on a Pittsburgh station, entitling him, his wife and his two children to a two-weeks' vacation to be taken during the winter season of 1952-53 at the most pretentious hotel in Miami Beach. The Joneses refused the prize on the ground that, although they would be accepted at the hotel, Negroes would not. When asked to elaborate her reasons, Mrs. Jones replied, "It would be just plain wrong." This may have been the incident that touched off the fire.

Everyone knows the Unreasonables' pledge. It runs something like this:

> On my honor, I will not, except in case of dire necessity, knowingly patronize any public place in the United States that separates human beings from human beings on grounds of race or color.

And since everyone is familiar with the famous incident in a certain Senator's chamber that gave the movement its popular name, I need not repeat it. At this distance in time, most of us can sympathize with the unfortunate Senator. He certainly would not have complained to the delegation that they were being "unreasonable" if he had anticipated the way they would turn his remark into an accolade and an occasion for pride.

So much for the origins of the American League of Conscience. Its subsequent history has been so colorful, so filled with spectacular episodes, that I shall have to content myself with summarizing the developments in the state of Florida and those in the churches of the North and East. At first, the movement was simply laughed at; understandably so, because the men and women who founded it were hardly in a position to bother anyone by withholding their patronage. So far as I can find, the Florida newspapers did not even mention the "Unreasonables" during the season of 1952-53, and even in New York, the published comments related mainly to the incident with the Senator and its aftermath.

Nevertheless the fire was beginning to grow. By 1954, no one could fail to notice the unprecedented availability of rooms in Florida resorts, and, although a number of other explanations was presented, the "Unreasonables" certainly had begun to make their convictions felt. You will recall that, in the fall of 1954, the state of Florida, purporting to act as *parens patriae*, began its suit to enjoin the propaganda of the "Unreasonables." When this suit was dismissed by the Supreme Court (5 to 4) because of the plaintiff's lack of representative status, local authorities invoked breach-of-the-peace ordinances against the "Unreasonables" whenever they could be found in the South. This, of course, affected very few Southerners, because the League has not even to this day taken the position that residents of the Southern states should be pressed to take the pledge. The prosecutions for breach of the peace were savage enough, but, as you know, they are gentle compared to the beatings and lynchings that broke out everywhere in the South. Oddly enough, these seemed to propagate the cause more than all the publicity it could purchase. Every beating led to an enormous increase of membership—and eventually to bankruptcy of another luxury hotel. Concomitantly the resorts of the Far West let it be known that they were more and more receptive to guests of all races.

Are the Florida hotels about to give in? You have heard rumors of parleys and negotiations; so have I. The prospects seem good, provided the "Unreasonables" make no compromise. So far they have made none, but impatience for visible results may lead them to take half a loaf. Certainly, they can hold out at less cost than the hotel and restaurant owners, not to mention the motion-picture houses so heavily hit by television. One factor must not be overlooked: the local officials have been so harassed by FBI intervention in their affairs that they would probably welcome any solution which would leave the administration of justice in their control. And if the situation softens in Florida, you may be assured it will soften elsewhere in the South.

I think we must conclude first, that the "Unreasonables" have done rather more to divide than to unify popular opinion in the United States; second, that they are close to realizing a substantial part of their program; and third, that they appear to have discovered a new source of moral serenity. At the very least, they have demonstrated that, when the government does not act, law-abiding citizens are not necessarily powerless. They may find a way of their own to avoid defilement.

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VIOLENCE AS USUAL—THE FRENCH CP

by Jacques Masson-Forrestier

A LOADED revolver, two dead carrier pigeons, a short-wave receiver and a matraque—a rubber truncheon—are clues to the changes that are breaking in the French Communist Party. These weapons of civil war were found in the car of Jacques Duclos, General Secretary of the Party, as he toured through Paris directing the strike called against Gen. Matthew Ridgway. They indicate that the days of the dove are over and that after the usual purges the Communist Party will set forth on a new line of industrial sabotage and acts of violence against US soldiers and bases and in preparation for a putsch.

For the hard core of French Communists, this new policy comes as an expected switch from the years of preaching "peace" and participation in parliamentary rule. During those years, as recovery took hold in France and government regained control of basic services, the circulation of *Humanité* fell from 600,000 to 190,000 readers and that of *Ce Soir* to one-third of its 1947 peak. There is every reason to suppose that the hardening of government policy toward Communist-incited violence was welcomed and deliberately provoked. Under pressure, the CP will carry forward the techniques it thrived on during the days of the Resistance.

The CP was a demoralized force when Hitler invaded Russia in 1941. It gained unparalleled strength because its military organization was trained for underground work. Led by veterans of the International Brigade in Spain, the Communists organized their "maquis" and sent to them the young men who refused to participate in the Nazi compulsory-work program. They fought bravely on occasion. They also executed ex-Communists and other political opponents within France. They did not hesitate to denounce to the German police the leaders of resistance groups which opposed their line. And when the occupation ended they laid hold of the Vichy Government's funds amounting to $125 million.

The Communists lost leaders in the resistance, but nothing like the 75,000 martyrs that they claimed, in naming the CP "the party of the executed." The War Crime Investigation Department of the French Government estimated in 1947 that 29,600 Frenchmen died as victims of Nazi occupation. Most of them were right-wing patriots working with British and American forces, Gaullist militants, Socialist trade unionists and innocent men and women shot as hostages. The Nazis found it convenient to label all of these as "Communists" or "Jews." The CP found it convenient to perpetuate this myth.

In all this the Communists were helped by the leader of the Free French, General de Gaulle. He gave his official blessing to co-operation with Communists in February, 1943. He issued an amnesty for Communists sentenced for sabotage and other crimes in 1944. He restored to them by decree their confiscated property, permitting their political revival in liberated France.

French Government reports, in noting the numbers of citizens killed by unknown persons, carry a category "civilian victims, various causes," on which 10,000 French civilians are listed. There is a further category "civilian victims—cases to be investigated," in which 36,000 known dead appear. Who accused and summarily executed 10,000 or more Frenchmen? In each city and village in France, summary executions and murders took place. Many were long planned, many were carried out by the *Milices Patriotes* and the *Francs-Tireurs* Partisans of the Communist Party. For them the liberation was the time to liquidate political enemies of the Left as much as of the Right. Some years later Pierre Henri Teitgen, a former Minister of Justice friendly to the Communists, declared:

> The repression was carried out in an impassioned atmosphere due to the Communist Party which . . . used the purges as an instrument for [its] own political advancement. . . . Prisons were stormed, demonstrations staged, riots provoked before the courts. Innocent people cleared by the courts of justice were shot down in their cells, not to satisfy a frenzied mob but to carry out the carefully defined directives of the Communist Party.

It is to this time of terror that the CP owes its control of certain French departments including the Ardeche, where 627 persons were executed without trial; the Dordogne, with its 528 victims, and the Haute-Savoie, where 312 were summarily shot. In all 5,234 known victims were shot by Frenchmen without trial during the occupation, and 3,114 after the liberation. A known total of 1,325 men were executed after judgment rendered by "courts" made up of CP members alone. These are indisputable figures compiled by Charles Brune, Radical Minister of the Interior, after full investigation in 1948.

And these acts of violence roll along in their effect. Hundreds of non-Communists are held political prisoners and accomplices by the Communist Party which

Jacques Masson-Forrestier, a Paris journalist, is an authority on the French Communist Party.

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holds evidence of their complicity in these crimes.

In the arrests that followed the Ridgway riots, the police invaded Communist headquarters in the naval-base city of Toulon. They found there plans of defense installations and other secrets so damaging as to lead to charges of espionage. Later it was admitted that much of the information had been gathered legally by the Communists when they held key positions in French governments from 1945 to 1947.

The moral guarantee of General de Gaulle, the influence of terror in certain areas, the prestige of Russian strength and victories, the alleged martyrdom of Communist victims and the radical mood of the people—all these contributed to the five million votes the CP polled in France's first postwar elections in 1945. At that time party membership rose to 544,000 militants grouped and drilled in 27,000 cells. This strength, far greater in comparison with the weakness of other parties, won for Communists the Ministries of Air, of Armaments, Interior, Health, National Economy, Industrial Production, Labor and Veterans' Affairs, in the successive French governments of 1944 and 1945. In the government led by George Bidault in 1946, Communist Party leaders were given 10 ministries and three key posts as undersecretaries of state. How they used their positions to organize cells in the government and to gain control over key sectors of the national economy was illustrated by the memorandum written by Mr. Gabriel Grimald, President of the Regional Social Security Fund of Paris, before he committed suicide. The memorandum, written about himself in typical French administrative style, recalls how he was appointed as Director of the Fund by the Communist leader Ambroise Croizat, Minister of Labor.

Mr. Grimald was called for and the spokesman of the Confederation Generale de Travailleurs majority told him of the choice of the bureau and also of the conditions demanded of him prior to his appointment. . . . Mr. Villion [officially secretary-general of the Fund] will be the secret agent of CGT majority. Mr. Villion alone will attend the weekly meeting which will take place at CGT headquarters. There he will receive directions, give whatever information he will have gathered through his office and indicate the general program to be followed out. Mr. Villion will notify the director of his assignments. Mr. Grimald will accept his decisions. Thus Mr. Villion will enjoy authority not possessed by his theoretical chief who does not participate in the decisions of an outside committee whose sole purpose is to establish its members in all key positions from the top to the bottom of the hierarchy. The director feels that he is being systematically excluded from all decisions. It will not be long before . . . his morale will suffer seriously.

This degree of control over government in France was only one stage removed from the coalition governments of Poland and Czechoslovakia where Communists quietly took control of the Interior and Defense Ministries and then, operating on the theory of the sausage slicer since expounded by Rakosi, gradually extended their power until the non-Communist parties were sliced up and destroyed. Leon Blum formed a cabinet with no Communist ministers in 1946. It lasted 36 days. But in January, 1947, the Communist ministers backed the Renault strike in defiance of government policy. Then the CP was forced into opposition against its will.

In opposition the CP maintained its strength with remarkable constancy. It drew between 27 and 29 percent of the votes cast in each election. It maintained its hold on the French nation, partly because of the poverty and lack of faith in the French state, but more importantly because of its organizational grip on France.

One instrument of Communist control has been the CGT, which has held its power through the failure of one political strike after another because a sense of injustice, exclusion and hopelessness prevails among French workers. A second instrument is the Communist press. Three daily newspapers published by the Communists in Paris are read throughout France. Thirteen provincial newspapers add 2.8 million more readers. Fifty-four political weeklies are published by departmental federations of the Communist Party, 11 more by groups under its control. A weekly farm journal is read by 175,000 farmers. Two trade-union magazines sell 353,000 copies each week. The Communist Party publishes theatre, movie, fiction and sports magazines, as well as journals for intellectuals. It does a tremendous business in comic books for children; it earns large profits on the side by job-printing on its presses. Altogether, its regular publications are read by at least 3,265,000 readers each day. The damage done by these publications, with their "proofs" of US germ warfare in Korea and their incitements to violence, is widespread.

When this incitement reached its peak in the May 28 riots, only 7,000 of the 70,000 who voted Communist in Paris a year ago turned out to protest Ridgway, "the microbe killer." The counter-action of police may make good reading in the Communist press. It will not help the CP among Frenchmen if the courts enforce the laws. No more than three in every hundred Frenchmen serve as the Communist hard core, as hard as the prisoners of Koje who killed and died to add a comma to the Communist propaganda campaign at Panmunjom. But one in four Frenchmen still follow their lead, and given the bloc organization that the CP has built, counter-organization is the only real answer to the threat.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

THE CHALLENGE OF BOIMONDAU

by Herbert Read

FROM TIME TO time during the last ten years there has been news of a new "communitarian" movement in France founded by Marcel Barbu; but it has usually been rumours of difficulties and dissensions, and we have lacked the evidence for any proper discussion of the subject. Now the community itself has published a handsome illustrated volume of 150 pages which gives the story of the foundation of Boimondau, its history year by year, and all the relevant facts about its constitution, organization, membership and production. It seems to me to be a document of the greatest significance.

BOIMONDAU: 10 ANNEES D'EXPERIENCE COMMUNAUTAIRE. *Numero special de la revue Communauté.* Fédération des Communautés de Travail (Paris 5e).

Boimondau is a word made up from the first syllables of the words Boitiers Montres du Dauphine, the Watchcase makers of Dauphine, which is the industry carried on by the community in the town of Valence. The community was founded in 1940 by a small manufacturer, Marcel Barbu, who had established a factory in Besançon and tried without success to run it on cooperative lines. Having failed as a benevolent capitalist, he closed down his factory and went to Valence, resolved to build from the ground upwards. He went out into the streets to recruit *fellow-workers,* men who were to share his responsibilities from the beginning. They soon had a small workshop going, and in spite of the war it prospered. But Barbu, who is described as a "messianic" figure, soon got into trouble with the Germans, and at the beginning of 1943 the whole factory had to go underground. Barbu fled to Paris, where he was soon arrested; but the headquarters of the community was transferred to a farm in the district known as the Vercors, where a "collective" was established. There the community remained, suffering considerable privations, until the Liberation. From April 1943 it was led by Marcel Mermoz, a comrade who had spent more than three years in prison and concentration camp.

Mermoz obviously acquired a strong personal ascendancy over the group, and when the factory was reassembled in Valence after the war, Mermoz was made "chef". Barbu in due course returned from the concentration camp, to find himself replaced. As a matter of fact, it was not entirely a question of personalities: a principle had always been involved, but never decisively settled until Mermoz took matters in hand. The messianic Barbu wanted a "movement", with headquarters in Paris, nationwide propaganda, even political candidates. Mermoz and the majority preferred the local "cell", believing that trust and the necessary self-sacrifice could only be established face to face. If they were successful, other workers could benefit by their experience. They took as a motto a sentence from St. Exupéry: "Force-les de bâtir une tour, et tu changeras en frères: mais si tu veux qu'ils se haissent, jette-leur du grain". (Make them build a tower, and you will change them into brothers; throw corn to them, if you wish them to hate one another.) Barbu retired from the community, but unfortunately they could not agree on terms of compensation. Barbu sued the community for 10 million francs, but the case seems to have been settled out of court for a sum of about 8 million. It is only fair to add that with his money Barbu founded another communitarian experiment, "la dité Donguy-Hermann".

A worse crisis came in 1947. The franc was devalued and the Boimondau factory was suddenly faced with a complete breakdown of their sales organization. They had no financial reserves, and the banks naturally refused to make them a loan. They still had their farm and some of them were able to work on a subsistence basis there; but the majority were out-of-work, with no unemployment pay, for more than four months. There was only one deserter. At the end of the year of 1951 the community had one of the most up-to-date factories in the world, with an annual production of half-a-million watch-cases. They now subscribe to "la Securité Sociale" and "les Allocations Familiales", and with this form of assurance believe that they can survive any future economic crises.

Meanwhile the communitarian idea has been spreading in France and Switzerland and there are now about eighty communities of various sizes adhering to a Fédération des Communautés de Travail, with headquarters in Paris. A periodical, *Communauté,* serves as an organ of information, but propaganda, in the political sense, is foreign to the movement. They believe in deeds, not words; in example, not conversion.

The foundation deed of the Boimandau community is a long document of thirty-six articles: it was drawn up and accepted at the beginning of 1944. Most of the articles would be found in the rules of any co-operative undertaking. I shall only draw attention to certain original features in the Boimandau organization.

In the first place, there is no community living. The workers live a normal family life wherever they can find accommodation in the town of Valence. But all the families in a district are organized into a district group, and there is a joint council of district groups. There are two other groupings—by professional grades, and by social activities. All three groups elect representatives to the General Council; the General Council elects a management committee and a tribunal, and appoints a "chef de com-

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munauté" and an assistant or adjutant.

The community does not regard its members as merely "workers" every aspect of their lives is a community concern—their health, education, amusement, and above all their morale.

There is a General Assembly of the whole community, whose decisions must be unanimous, but its power is purely legislative: it has no executive function. Executive power rests with the chief, elected for a period of three years by the Assembly.

All the members of the community, husbands, wives and children, are entitled to a share of the proceeds of the community's activities: it is recognized that each member of the community has a *social* function as well as a *professional* function, and each function is duly rewarded. It is specifically laid down in the articles of association that each "compagnon" (the name given to a member on admission) shall take an active part in the social and intellectual life of the community. Companions should make an effort to adapt their private lives to the moral sense of the community at large. Religious beliefs are encouraged, including a belief in disbelief. All production is held in common, and can only be sold either for reinvestment in production or on dissolution of the community. There are no private shares in the capital of the community.

Details of the earnings of the individual members of the community have not been published, but there is no question of equal pay, except in the case of identical professional and social services. Since intellectual attainments and a wide variety of social functions are allotted points for pay, there must be quite a large divergence in receipts, but this does not seem to have given rise to any trouble. Trouble, indeed, is anticipated and settled by the machinery of the General Council; and there is always the Tribunal to adjust quarrels.

Two characteristics of the Boimondau community would seem to be in conflict with the traditional principles of co-operative communities: the hierarchical organization (particularly the vesting of final authority in an individual) and unequal "pay." Pay is not, of course, the right word for what is in effect a division of profits, but that is not the point. These communitarians believe that "equal pay" would be very unequal justice. A community is responsible for the well-being of all its members, and the fact that the community does not live under one roof, sharing food and other necessities and amenities, by no means relieves the community from full responsibility. Allowances must be made for children, and the mother who looks after her children at home is serving the community as much as the woman who works in the factory. But Boimondau goes much further than such obvious adjustments for service: it rewards "social values." If a companion learns a foreign language, the community as a whole is so much the richer, and that "value" must be rewarded; and if he can play football for the community, that too is a value and should be rewarded. Musical gifts, ability to teach economics or philosophy, to work a cinema projector or organize a dance—all these community services with their appropriate awards, and the more freely such services are recognized and rewarded, the stronger and happier the community will be. Anyone can improve his or her position by becoming a more useful member of the community; and it is the community itself that decides the relative value of the various social services.

As for the appointment of a "boss," and of the various "chefs" (chefs de sections, chefs de groupes, chefs d'équipes, chefs de foyers)—that seems to the logical French mind to be required not only by day-to-day workshop efficiency, but also by the full enjoyment of life. If one of these units does not like its chef, it is a simple matter to get rid of him; the chef of the community itself can always be replaced at the end of his three years' period of service (a minimum period to ensure continuity of policy).

Critics (particularly from the left) will be eager to point out that a community like Boimondau, competing with its products in a capitalist market, dependent on banks and insurance companies for its tokens of exchange and economic security, is far from being the realization of a new social order. But that is not the point. Unless we remain satisfied with Utopian aspirations (or believe that we already live in the best of all possible worlds) we must ask: what are the immediate and practical steps towards a better society? In other words, is Boimondau, and the other communities in France and Switzerland which it represents, a step in a new direction, away from totalitarianism no less than from capitalism? Perhaps only time can show, but there is an unusual air of confidence about the Boimondau community. Their ideal is "faire des hommes"—to make human beings—and they know that their worst danger is the success that would threaten them with "l'embourgeoisement."

FIVE BRITISH POETS DEBUT

COLLECTED POEMS, by Keith Douglas (Poetry London; 12/6).

ELEGIES FOR THE DEAD IN CYRENAICA, by Hamish Henderson (John Lehmann; 6/-).

POEMS AND SATIRES 1951, by Robert Graves (Cassell; 7/6).

EUROPA AND THE BULL, by W. R. Rodgers (Seeker and Warberg; 10/6).

THE GOLDEN BIRD AND OTHER POEMS, by Anne Ridler (Faber; 10/6).

KEITH DOUGLAS, a young officer killed in Normandy a few days after D-Day, after surviving the North African campaign which gave him the subject-matter of his finest poems, may be compared with Wilfred Owen. His small output notwithstanding, he is by many seen as the finest of the war poets. Some critics have written of a major talent prematurely destroyed; but I see him rather, as a poet who, forced into early maturity by the anticipation and reality of war, completely realized himself. He seems always to have thought of himself as one destined to be killed in war; and when he writes of dead soldiers in the desert, whose images seem to exercize upon him, and through him, a mesmeric power, he is writing of himself. Whether his fate made him, or he his fate, the identification of the poet with the events through which he lived and died, as spectator and victim, stamps

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the words he wrote, knowing this, with a Homeric sense of tragic fatality.

The maturity of his style, from the typical Oxford idiom of sensitive lyricism, took place very quickly after he joined the army. Reproached for this by a friend, he wrote,

> you will never see the long metrical similes and galleries of images again. . . . My object is to write true things, significant things, in words each of which works for its place in a line. My rhythms, which you find enervated, are carefully chosen to enable the poems to be read as significant speech. I see no reason to be either musical or sonorous about things at present.

The poet, Douglas believed, should be as sparing of words, in saying what he has to say, as a mathematician; and the nature of poetry is to state "a truth whose eternal quality exacts the same reverence as eternity itself."

His imagery is cold and lunar, shadows on sand; "the weightless mosquito touches her tiny shadow on the stone"; man's infinite vulnerability—"I am amazed to see the centre of love diffused and the waves of love travel into vacancy. How easy it is to make a ghost." Keith Douglas looked at horrors with an unflinching gaze, nor, in his sympathy with those who die, did he dissociate himself with those who kill. Yet the real enemy is fire, who, "as he makes he eats." The impersonal demonic grandeur of the creator destroys time, places the holocaust of war in a context in which the makers and the victims of war are alike without guilt, carrying out a predestined part:

> Tonight's a moonlit cup
> and holds the liquid time
> that will run out in flame
> in poison we shall sup . . .
> This month will see Time fashion
> the action we begin
> and Time will cage again
> the devils we let run
> whether we lose or win.

His is the personal, one might say the aristocratic, attitude towards war. Hamish Henderson, a Highland Scot, writing in English, though with a sense of the Gaelic tradition behind him is a much lesser poet, both technically and in the quality of his imagination. His *Elegies for the Dead in Cyrenaia* have the quality of public, not private utterances, spoken on behalf of the Highland troops with whom he fought as an officer. There is a noble tradition of this kind of war poetry in both the English and the Gaelic tradition of Scotland; for a race, small in numbers, and with the primitive sense of consanguinity still unbroken, can even now speak with entire sincerity and passion through the collective statement. Occasionally, Hamish Henderson assumes the dignity of the collective:

> Beyond the gate of the pass
> are a high and a low road: but neither
> is the Road back. No, Laochain, they must lead us
> to the hauteur of battle. Must array, enroll us
> among listening cohorts, where both vaunting and atonement
> remain muffled forever. The caverns will number our
> momentary exits among the strounds and echoes.

In this passage, one hears few overtones of Gaelic ghosts; but when the poet seeks to transpose this racial collective into modern terms, and to write in a kind of leftist-newspaper idiom for "the proletariat of the dead," he seems to me to fail. I know of no war book except David Jones' (the painter's) masterpiece of the first war, *In Parenthesis,* that succeeds in placing the common soldier in a context that gives tragic dignity to "proletarian" clichés of thought and expression in themselves ignorant and rootless. Hamish Henderson fails in this and sinks into the vulgarities of journalism when he abandons the idom of the Highlands for the idiom of the townsman of the machine age.

A poet of the first world war, Robert Graves, includes one (revised) war-poem that serves as a reminder that poets of this war have, after all, added little to what was then said and experienced, or to the style—neither "musical nor sonorous"—then perfected by Owen, Robert Graves, or Herbert Read. Robert Graves is an unrivalled stylist, and in this small volume, each poem is a model of craftsmanship, varying from light satire, (the most difficult kind of poem to write well) like "My Name and I," to such perfect lyrics as "Counting the Boats" or "The Portrait." The perfection is unobtrusive, for Robert Graves works strictly within the genius of the English language, never distorting. If these poems have a fault, it is their faultlessness, and their fewness. Mr. Graves is a writer of great energy and output, but one regrets that as a poet he limits himself to working on a small scale.

Mr. W. R. Rodgers, also a stylist—though in every respect unlike Robert Graves—possesses, on the other hand, the virtue of a full-flowing energy. *Europa and the Bull* as a piece of sustained writing is impressive. Whether one prefers Mr. Rodgers' style or Mr. Graves' will depend upon whether you take into account the quantity of the poet's omissions, or the quality of his inclusions. I myself am of the school of Keith Douglas, and believe that, in poetry as in mathematics, no superfluous word should be employed; and therefore I prefer Robert Graves; but that is a matter of taste, which perhaps makes it difficult for me to be fair to a poet of Mr. Rodgers' undoubted energy. He takes an uninhibited pleasure in using words for their own sake, draws up whole skeins of alliterations and assonances, seemingly without effort, and with great decorative effect. He writes with a snappy gusto designed to carry the reader bobbing away on flowing seas of verbiage.

Mr. Rodgers' style is greatly influenced by Hopkins and Dylan Thomas, and it is never dull, never flat—except when he has something to say of a philosophic nature, when he drops bathos—but this seldom happens. He weaves a decorative tapestry of words, often slightly distorted in a way that may do violence to the golden mean of beauty, but which perpetually shocks the reader into attention. His philosophic context—apart from the earthy and energetic eroticism of *Europa*—I find too thin to be of interest, particularly in the Easter sequence; but he has a gift for verbal spell-binding, comparable to Dylan Thomas, though lacking the indulging reverence of that essentially religious Welsh poet. This is Mr. Rodgers' second volume of verse, and he is certainly a poet of whom more will be heard.

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Finally, Anne Ridler. *The Golden Bird*—a verse fantasy on one of Grimm's household tales, and two Christmas fragments, were written for broadcasting, and were successful in this medium, but, like much broadcast verse by Louis MacNeice and others, do not stand the test of closer reading. Other poems in this volume—as in all Anne Ridler's previous books—disarm the critic who is about to protest that she is a little too much under the influence of T. S. Eliot and George Herbert, too often apt to embark upon themes too large for her talent. But often she writes with exquisite delicacy of feeling, rich and true, though within the frameword of a convention that includes occasional poems to her Head Mistress, and to her parents on their golden wedding. Amazing that domestic feelings and virtues still keep their flavour and ring so true in such a world as this, as they do in Anne Ridler's best poems.

KATHLEEN RAINE

AN EXCELLENT STUDY

THE NEW MAN IN SOVIET PSYCHOLOGY, by Raymond A. Bauer. (Harvard University Press; $4).

ONE OF THE MAJOR contributions of Dr. Bauer's important book is to show us how a particular Soviet science—psychology—has reached its present point of organization, content, and practice by a complete chronological study of it against a background of the political, philosophical, social, and ideological developments in the Soviet Union. The chronological approach and the persistent interaction of all these factors are vital to any full comprehension of the end-product. At the same time, the process throws much light on the history of ideas in the Soviet Union, as well as on the involved matter of the growth of ideological controls. A series of such scholarly studies of the various sciences would enable us eventually to formulate a philosophy of Soviet science which would convey a more meaningful pattern of theory and practice than many of the far-fetched conjectures on the subject now available in print. Dr. Bauer all too infrequently attempts to enrich his treatment by original speculation of his own, but perhaps such efforts would have been out of place in a work that is essentially a pioneering one in the presentation of evidence.

If Marxian man makes his own history, so must he now make his own character, and the story of Soviet psychology over the last thirty-five years is the study of how it reached—or had thrust upon it—this latter conviction. Dr. Bauer traces the early growth of Soviet psychology, its sources in Marxism-Leninism and even in the prevailing materialistic mechanism of pre-revolutionary Russian psychology, with not a little influence from foreign sources, especially from American behaviorism. Stalin's consolidation of his power at the beginning of the thirties brought this period of development to an end, as it brought to an end so many of the developments that had made the Revolution possible. The crushing of all opposition, the First Five Year Plan, the new policy of socialism in one country, and the disposition of a monolithic Party to interfere directly in all matters of Soviet life required a complete ideological transformation to support the new dynamics.

One of the principal ideas behind the social changes of the mid-thirties was to bring all possible facilities of society to bear on the problem of training and controlling its individual citizens. And Soviet psychology, as well as all other endeavors, was bent to this purpose. As Dr. Bauer indicates from the point of view of the psychological theories of the twenties, man was an adaptive machine which did not initiate action but merely reacted to stimuli from his environment. It was good Marxism then to believe that man and his behavior were determined by antecedant social and biological conditions. But in the thirties a new image of the Soviet man had to be created to meet a new set of demands inaugurated by Stalin's regime. For the new psychology Soviet man had to be active in the face of his environment. That is, rather than be determined by his environment, he determines it. And he must shape his own character by training and self-training. If in the twenties the proper subject of psychological behavior had been objective behavior, by the mid-thirties psychology had become the study of consciousness, the instrument by which man shapes himself and his behavior.

Since the War this trend in psychology has been intensified, and it necessarily reflects the official image of the new Soviet man in the postwar period of the transition from socialism to communism. The Soviet psychologists today are able to reconcile the traditional Marxist doctrine of determinism with voluntarism, for by asserting that conscious man is free from the determination of his immediate situation, they are able to conclude that he is responsible for his immediate behavior. In this scheme of things consciousness liberates the Soviet citizen from determinism and at the same time subjugates him to the service of the state.

At the end of his excellent study Dr. Bauer makes some illuminating comparisons between the overt system of controls that operate in Soviet psychology and the more or less hidden controls that obtain in the development of this science in a free society. And he wisely concludes that "Political interference in science does not destroy completely the usefulness of science to the system, but the continued suppression of freedom of scientific inquiry must ultimately lead to the point where the society cannot solve its own problems effectively."

This book deserves to be widely read by all students of the Soviet Union for its careful scholarship and objective presentation of evidence.

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

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DECISIONS AND REVISIONS

CAVALCADE OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL, by Edward Wagenknecht (Henry Holt; $6.50).

THIS IS A COMPANION volume to the author's *Cavalcade of the English Novel,* published almost a decade ago and in steady demand ever since as a college text and reference guide. Every feature that makes that text so usable is here duplicated. There are lively informative chapters on all the major novelists and many of the lesser ones, with challenging titles and subtitles. The immense critical literature has been scrupulously canvassed to enrich the exposition or to provide valuable footnotes or to turn the fifty-odd pages of bibliography into a student's treasure-trove. Many novelists not discussed are well annotated in an appendix.

Professor Wagenknecht, who teaches at Boston University, whose published books (including anthologies) now number twenty-six, and who was graduated from high school in the same class with Ernest Hemingway, informs us in his preface that he is equally unsympathetic to the sociological and to the New Critical approach to literature. These prejudices help to explain his use of the term "cavalcade." He is interested in the procession of novelists and their novels, and in keeping it moving, and not in seeking out the cultural forces that may have shaped them, nor in halting the procession to subject this or that novel to a too rigorous examination.

By no means, however, does he shirk the critic's responsibility of judging. In fact, he often embraces it with a bold gusto. Though he should have made his criteria more explicit, it is not too difficult to figure most of them out. They include an aesthetic anti-literalism and an ethico-religious anti-determinism, in a most mutually tolerant coalescence. In applying such criteria he is far more impressionistic and catholic than F. R. Leavis and somewhat less predictably middlebrow than J. Donald Adams.

He doesn't waste time sifting the realistic wheat from the literary chaff in early American sentimental, gothic, satirical, and historical novels, and thus comes quickly to Cooper and Simms, Hawthorne and Melville. In Cooper's *The Ways of the Hour* he finds the first American "mystery novel." Against the neglect of Whittier's *Margaret Smith's Journal* and the best of Simms and John W. DeForest he enters convincing caveats. With Mark Twain, Howells, and Henry James, he really hits his stride, giving the adjective "great" a vigorous work-out. Yet he is considerably less than one-half through. This means a fuller treatment of the 20th Century novel than any previous survey of the whole field has offered. It is in his decisions and revisions from Mary Johnston on that he goes beyond Van Doren, Quinn, and Cowie.

And disturbs the universe. For he includes Mary Austin, Robert Herrick, and Booth Tarkington as "voices of the new century," is more impressed by Dreiser's mysticism than his naturalism, devotes full-length appreciative chapters to Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, and Willa Cather, waxes lyrical about Elsie Singmaster, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and Ross Lockridge, Jr., relegates F. Scott Fitzgerald to the appendix, gives us the best revaluation of Cabell in print as profoundly expressing the dilemma of modern man torn between skepticism and faith and resisting regimentation, thinks that Gerald Warner Brace, Benedict Thielen, and Forrest Rosaire have more promise than any of the "youngsters" in John W. Aldridge's *After the Lost Generation,* speculates that Dos Passos' "Newsreels" in *USA* may outlive all his other work, considers Hemingway to be one of the most royally "taken in" minds of his age, the dupe of bullfighting and hunting and war, and refuses himself to be "taken in" even by the Nobel Prize, as when he remarks:

> The trouble is that many of Faulkner's devices seem only to prevent the story from getting itself told . . . The truth is that when he is at his worst Faulkner's style is barbarous—barbarous in its abundant solecisms, barbarous in its intolerable purple passages, and barbarous, most of all, in its unending, anaconda-like involutions.

For a book so chockfull of data, boners and errors are surprisingly few. The authoress of *The Coquette* was Hannah Webster (not Walker) Foster. One is astonished at this sentence about Booth Tarkington: "Except for one term in the state legislature, his life was that of a writer and good citizen." And whoever is responsible for turning Faulkner's Snopes family into the "Scopses" ought to be sued. JOE LEE DAVIS

ORWELL IN SPAIN

HOMAGE TO CATALONIA, by George Orwell (Harcourt, Brace; $3.50).

They clung like burrs to the long expresses that lurch
Through the unjust lands, through the night, through the Alpine tunnel;
They floated over the oceans;
They walked the passes: they came to present their lives.
On that arid square, that fragment nipped off from hot
Africa, soldered so crudely to inventive Europe,
On that tableland scored by rivers . . .
SPAIN, 1937—W. H. Auden

SOME, LIKE AUDEN, Stephen Spender, Christopher Caudwell, Ralph Bates, clung to the "long expresses" to reach "that tableland." Others came from all ends of the world, but it was mostly the English whose long affinity for Spain dates back to their superb translations of Cervantes, to George Borrow's semi-comic attempt to retail the Bible in Spain, the already classic historical books of J. B. Trend, Gerald Brenan and Sir Samuel Hoare's gentlemanly admission of error.

Among those who clung to that long express was a lean, spare Englishman, born in India, a civil servant in Burma and in the title of one of his most fascinating books, down and out in Paris and London. This was, of course, the late George Orwell, who had already taken the road to Wigan Pier—the dead end of humanity.

Before discussing the political aspects of the book, it is necessary to say that for sheer narrative and descriptive power, *Homage to Catalonia* contains passages comparable to the best writing of our time. Its unrelenting descriptions of trench warfare with an almost

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unbearable emphasis on General Sherman's trademark, and the tortured but uncomplaining account of Orwell's escape from Spain after he became suspect by the Government for which he had fought so ably are remarkable. These passages achieve their effect not only from their realism but from the author's identification with the revolutionary workers and intellectuals, both Spanish and English, with whom he fought.

The weakness of the book, and this is a purely personal observation, is its politics. I believe this to be true of his work as a whole. His best books are the above mentioned *Road to Wigan Pier, Down and Out in Paris and London, Keep the Aspidistra Flying,* and his essays on popular culture. The books that made his fame, *Animal Farm* and *1984* suffer apart from the nature of the forms employed by an abstractness as well as the spleen which seldom appears in his early work.

Orwell went to Spain as a journalist and, caught with the spirit of the people of Barcelona, enlisted with the militia in a unit of the POUM, a small Marxist party. He joined, not for political reasons, but, as in all his subsequent acts, from an innate feeling that it was the only thing he could do. At the front, he was too busy keeping alive and picking the lice off his person to know or care what was going on on the political scene. On his return to Barcelona, he was shocked to find that the non-party enthusiasm of what André Malraux called "the days of the Apocalypse" were over. The Republican Government, with the collaboration of the Communists, and, according to Orwell, the middle classes, were firmly in control. The POUM and other left wing groups had not been fighting to preserve a republic but to create an equalitarian society and, feeling themselves being saddled with just one more bourgeois democracy, revolted, or resisted the state police, according to which view you accept.

If this sounds confusing, it is. As anyone who has read Gerald Brenan's *The Spanish Labyrinth*, Franz Borkenau's *The Spanish Cockpit*, (whose analysis of the political situation Orwell heavily relies on), or Frank Manuel's *The Politics of Modern Spain*, knows, if not from personal observation, Spain, particularly Catalonia, has been the most politics-ridden country since the French Revolution. Orwell argues, for the most part with fairness and good temper, that the needs of Soviet foreign policy dictated that the necessary line be the one "the war must come first and then we'll see about the revolution." To accomplish this meant the suppression of the revolutionary forces, courting the middle class and pious talk about how respectable and democratic the Republic was.

To accept this view one would have to appraise such men as Alvarez del Vayo, Juan Negrin, Dr. Walter B. Cannon—the list could be expanded forever—as either fools or knaves. To an idealistic socialist the course of the Spanish Civil War was inevitably disillusioning, but it is at least a moot point that the policy of "winning the war by whatever means possible"—including dirty pool—was as justified as turning a civil war into a revolutionary war which, after the full-scale intervention of Mussolini and Hitler, had no chance of success. In fairness to Orwell, and to recorded history the Government's policy led to disaster, but only because of the active intervention of the Fascist nations and, of equal importance, the active non-intervention of the Western democracies. But to say that the liberals and socialists in accepting Communist aid from within and from without Spain was a betrayal is to ignore the rudiments of politics in times of crisis.

It is regrettable to spend so much time on such a fine book by a fine writer in hashing over old scores. But Orwell's enthusiastic vision of an equalitarian socialism might have been paired with a recognition of the fact that "the road to socialism is paved with bedbugs." Possibly then he might not have fallen into the sloughs of despond of his last books. To repeat, my political reservations are intended as no reflection on his integrity, humanity, and his love for and mastery of the English language.

GEORGE MAYBERRY

GRAHAM'S JOURNEY

by Eric Bentley

III

MARTHA GRAHAM'S attitudes would only seem "decorative" to someone who does not look for their meaning because he is sunk in the formalism (or anti-realism) of the ballet. What gives life to an attitude? Is it not the dramatic quality we call "projection"? At the crudest level what gives projection is the projecting portion of the body, a fact wittily exploited by Mae West. Though Miss Graham exploits her physique more fully than Miss West it is her peculiar glory to suggest by the physical so much of the non-physical. Hence the relevance of the most spiritual part of the body, the face, and of the most spiritual part of the face, the eyes.

There was a time when the face was not important, even to an actor. He kept it hidden under a mask. In modern times, however, the face has increasingly become the center of theatrical action, and the cinema has offered us faces nine feet high with features as large as our arms and legs. Only the ballet-dancer has kept a semblance of the mask by the impassivity—deliberate or involuntary—of her face. Ballet-dancing evinces one of the leading characteristics of decadence: making one part of an organism develop inordinately while letting the rest fall into disuetude. A race of ballet dancers would eventually be all legs; the fixed expression on the face would be detachable, as with Cheshire cats . . . On the non-ballet stage, with the spread of realism, attention has come more and more to be focussed on the face.

There are, of course, not only degrees of realism but also kinds. We customarily think of realism as the mimicking of externals, yet Stanislavsky wrote of Chekhov's spiritual realism and Stark Young has eloquently described a similar inwardness and passion in the realism of Duse. If the opposite of realism is formalism, or love of patterns for their own sake, Martha Graham is rather to be classed with Chekhov and Duse. The nature of her medium makes her—or helps her to be—less psychological. Just as music-

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drama has best been able to project certain instinctual types (Orpheus, Don Juan, the Flying Dutchman), so the dance-drama of Martha Graham approaches female archetypes: Herodias, Judith, Joan. Just as music undercuts psychology and takes us down to the subsoil in which psychology has its roots, so Graham's dance portraits present the dynamic variations of feeling that underlie our motives and decisions. Hence it is her most perfect compositions, such as *Herodiade,* that most defy analysis. Unless I am mistaken, it would be foolish to read such a piece as allegory and say "this means Herodias is plotting mischief" and the like. Miss Graham is creating an *Urwelt* from which mischief could indeed come but which has itself no moral or psychological bias; great good could come from it too.

Realistic compared with the ballet, unrealistic compared with modern drama, Martha Graham is certainly—and, at her best, singlemindedly—concerned with reality. Reality is both external and internal, and if it is chiefly the internal that she sees, we shall ask how well she sees it rather than demand that she see the external too. Of a work of art we demand that it be all true, not that it be all the truth. It must be what the artist sees when looking with all his might through the spyglass of his medium.

There are some who would be happier if Miss Graham would dance more decoratively, just as there must be others who would wish her to drop the larger movements of the dance and limit herself to the smaller movements of life. They wish the one or the other on grounds of style. They want her more realistic or less so. She must refuse to comply not on grounds of style but on grounds of meaning. Whatever the resultant style, she must interpret life. Seeing her early in her career, critics expressed their amazement at her ruthlessness in eliminating movements and postures that said nothing. In modern fashion, she brought back into art much of the unevenness of life; hence her syncopated rhythms and spasmodic moves. By this time her system of contractions and releases is indeed a system, and her wearier works, like *Judith,* are more of an inventory than an exploration. Nonetheless, in the *Joan,* we still find her, in Stark Young's words, "scraping back to the design," going back to the beginning. And that, in the theatre today, is the *unum necessarium.* Such an example, from a great performer and creator—Chaplin, Decroux, Graham—is all we can expect and more than we deserve.

It seems curious at first that the result of "scraping back" should be a modern style, that you should go to the beginning in order to find the end; but such is the way now to the only true modernity. That a sprinkling of false modernities should overlay and to some extent disguise and distort the true meaning of Graham's work is confusing but unavoidable. None of us keeps clear either of infections or false remedies. Even Martha Graham is not a goddess.

She is a priestess. A present-day priestess of an ancient cult. Notoriously, she is the dancer of the age of anxiety. But she is not content, like, say, Jerome Robbins in his ballet on this theme, to discourse *about* anxiety with the resources of top-drawer ingenuity. Nor is it enough to see neurosis from the vantage-point of neurosis as Mr. Robbins, in more earnest vein, occasionally may be said to have done. That is no vantage-point at all. We can only express neurosis in art by conquering it, if fragmentarily, if momentarily. The only vantage-point to view sickness from is health. And health is found at the very foundations or nowhere.

Down through the cerebral nervosities to the primal energies, that is Martha Graham's journey. If we accompany her, even part of the way, must we not benefit?

[This is the final part of Mr. Bentley's essay. In Part II (June 16), he evaluated Martha Graham's place in our theatre. In Part I (June 9), he discussed her new dances.—The Editors.]

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